

ROYALTY'S XMAS GIFTS

Presents Exchanged by the European Courts.

PREFERENCES ARE VARIED

LEGITIMATE IDEA OF EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Royal German Children Treated Like Spartans By Santa Claus—Sad Holidays.

(Special Correspondence.)

Paris, Nov. 20.—Christmas comes but once a year, and when it arrives the empress of Germany likes to be at home, and up to her eyes in the business of preparing dozens of noble parcels holding gifts for various members of her family, and scores of charity proteges she always remembers. The wife of imperial William was so well trained in her youth that she has rarely been known to foolishly waste a penny, and though her Christmas obligations include nearly a thousand persons, she brings her bills for presents down to a figure that would call a self-reproachful blush to the cheek of a wealthy American woman.

Like a sensible sentimental German woman, the empress usually gives her immediate relatives some trifle she has herself embroidered, painted or knitted, and as her pet hobby is helping impetuous clergymen along she devotes a goodly share of her holiday allowance to buying plain stout clothes for the clerical progeny, which is always numerous. In every parcel of clothes is slipped a gay Christmas card, bearing the empress' good wishes in her own handwriting, and a small round cake, which is baked in the royal kitchen. Invariably a deal of sentiment and economy surrounds the presentation of her gifts to her husband, and as every member of the royal household has an individual small illuminated Christmas tree, the empress usually finds the souvenir from her wife at the foot of the candle-lighted fir he claims as his own.

FOR MARTIAL WILLIAM.

With few exceptions her gift is sure to be something that panders to William's martial tastes. Early in his youth he began a collection of arms that had been the properties of famous warriors, and since his marriage his wife has added to it, until some day it certainly will be one of the most valuable and interesting private museums in the world. All the year through she has her agents busy hunting down some antique and beautiful trophy of battle, and she does not hesitate to pay any price for a sword, dagger, spur or gauntlet, that is beautiful and the genuineness of which can be vouched for. One Christmas her gift was a handsome pistol that Andrew Jackson had carried at the battle of New Orleans; again it was a pair of gold spurs worn by the grand Condé she bought, and this Christmas it is very sure that she is bringing home some precious relic of Saladin or Haroun Al Raschid from her eastern tour.

In turn William usually bestows a jewel or something of his own making on this devoted wife, such as a copy of his symphony written out by hand on parchment sheets, richly illuminated with airy faces and scenes supposed to be conjured up by the symphonic harmonies. On another Christmas she fell heir to a bound volume of his speeches, and again it was very sumptuously

framed copy of his famous allegorical pictures. As to the royal children their Christmas is in sharp contrast to that which even the average American child knows. They are not allowed to receive gifts from any one save their parents, aunts, uncles and grandparents. A box of sugar plums, a few fruits, invariably a selection of wholesome books one toy and a useful thing makes up the list. Last Christmas Princess Louise found on her tree a set of knitting needles from her mother and the youngest prince received a ball of string, a paper of tacks and a hammer from his father.

IN WOEFUL SPAIN.

Over in woe weighted Spain Christmas does not bring any special festivity to the royal palace. The day is chiefly given up to religious ceremonies, the young king receives congratulations and the queen and her daughters personally dispense a good deal of money in alms. In the early days of her life in Spain the queen regent tried to introduce the German custom of the Christmas tree, but her Spanish courtiers rather turned up their noses and she wisely forbore to insist upon an alien custom.

In very sharp contrast to the rather gloomy Spanish court on the great day in December is the jollity that reigns in the home of the little queen of Holland. Wilhelmina celebrates the festival vigorously and delightedly. She has always had a tree on Christmas eve, always hung up her stockings and she always gives presents. While in Stuttgart recently, attending her cousin's wedding, she went out shopping on foot every day, gave large orders on London and Paris shops, and there is scarcely a poor child in the Hague who is not remembered by the queen.

One of her chief joys on Christmas morning is to follow the ancient Dutch custom of appearing suddenly at a door, and after flinging a gift, rolled in a big ball of straw, into the room, running away as fast as she can. Another Christmas habit is that of driving about the snowy streets and tossing handfuls of bonbons wherever she sees a group of children.

HOLIDAYS AT SANDRINGHAM.

In England the queen spends her Christmas at Osborne, and rather more quietly than any other day in the year, while the family reunion is usually held by the prince of Wales and his household, and the gift of the prince to his wife is rather more apt to be a new thoroughbred puppy of some breed not represented in her kennels, a pair of prize fowls, a remarkable music bird, or some living thing that this gentle lady can claim as a pet. One Christmas his gift was a beautiful cow, who had her horns and hoofs gilded, her prize medals and ribbons and her pedigree on parchment hung to a collar of leather and silver round her neck, and by a halter of braided ribbons the prince and his head horsemen led the handsome animal up to the long open windows of the breakfast room, as near as possible to the princess' chair.

GIFTS FOR DENMARK.

A day or two before Christmas a special messenger always sets out from Sandringham house with several big boxes of goods in his care, which he is pledged to deliver safely at the royal palace in Copenhagen. These boxes hold many hundreds of dollars' worth of Christmas gifts from the princess of Wales for her Danish relatives, for the kind-hearted woman remembers not only her family, but the youngest cousin, the old servants in her father's home, and those women in Copenhagen who were her youthful playmates, and who are, some of them, exceedingly straitened in means.

During her summer visit to Denmark the princess usually finds out what would be most appreciated by every individual and shops later in London with a list in hand. To her father she always sends books and some bit of beautiful porcelain, for King Christian is a manufacturer of some of the most exquisite china in the

world and an expert collector. The princess of Wales has given him specimens of Rockwood, New Jersey ware, and the pottery our Indians make, and she always provides some dozens of Christmas trees for the hospitals in her old home.

POOR EUGENIE'S CHRISTMAS.

Perhaps the saddest woman in Europe at Christmas is the empress of France, Eugenie. Her chief gift is made to the chapel connecting with her house where the bodies of her husband and son lie, and as was the custom of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, she is at the tomb of those she loved and in prayer by 4 o'clock on Christmas morning. By the chapel she has given, year by year, the most gorgeous windows, altar ornaments, carved stalls, and during the twelve months she is busy embroidering with her own hands magnificent robes that she presents to whatever churches her son or husband worshipped in.

Every Christmas Princess Eva of Hattenburg goes to spend the day with the lonely woman who is her god-mother, and who gives the child such jewels as a crownhead might envy. This is done partly out of love for the child, who is likely to inherit her fortune, and partly because she has never forgotten the great kindness she received from Queen Victoria in the early days of her misfortunes and exile.

CARRIE DIXON.

BURGLAR MET SOME NERVE.

Householder Had the Drop and Made the Most of It.

(Detroit Free Press.)

"Coolest man I ever met," tells the reformed burglar, "was right here in Detroit. No matter how it was done; I got a line on his house, knew where the silver and jewelry were kept, and also knew that he had some wealthy visitors with diamonds and other costly trinkets well worth gathering in. I went through the rear window as quickly as any glazier could have done and the burglar alarm never chirped a note. I sat down to satisfy myself that no one in the house was stirring and to smile at a little iron safe that an expert could open with a hairpin. I was just about to begin the campaign when I received a slight tap on the shoulder and whirled about to be confronted by my cool gentleman with a revolver held on a level with my forehead. His hand was as firm as a rock, there was a dancing light in his eyes and his color was perfectly natural."

"Glad I happened to notice your entrance," he remarked in a pleasant voice, "anything I can do for you?"

"For—for heaven's sake, don't shoot," I managed to stammer.

"Sorry to violate the etiquette of burglars," he laughed, "but I have an irresistible impulse to bang away, and you're standing right where I'm going to shoot. It is just possible that I can restrain myself for a couple of seconds, but not a moment longer, my friend, not a moment longer."

"He was grinning like a big, good-hearted schoolboy, but I knew what was expected of me. I drove through that window like a streak of lightning, never stopping for my kit, ran three miles and just caught the train for Chicago. If I had that man's nerve I fear I never would have reformed."

Conan Doyle on Golf.

I am myself an intermittent golfer, getting very violent attacks at regular intervals. It usually takes me about two months to convince myself that I shall ever be any good, and then I give it up until a fresh burst of energy sets me trying once more. I played in Egypt until they told me that excavators had to lay a special track for me, and the Yankee farmers asked us what we were doing for. If ever the Grouse club should wish any part of their links returned I could undertake in a few games to clear away and now existing.

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FOR CHILDREN.

"I shall never be without Cascarets. My children are the most healthy and strong I have ever known. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now."

FOR PILES.

"I suffered the tortures of the second and third degrees of hemorrhoids for many years. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now."

FOR HEADACHE.

"Both my wife and myself have been suffering from headache for many years. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now."

FOR BAD BREATH.

"I have been using Cascarets for many years. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now."

FOR PIMPLES.

"My wife had pimples on her face for many years. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now."

BETTING IN PLUNGER'S LEAD

Shrewd Laying of Wagers Sent the "Pikers" On the Wrong Sent.

(Washington Post.)

The young men who make it a point, at the beginning of a race meeting, to familiarize themselves with the countenances of the plungers' commissioners, in order that they may follow up on the heels of the commissioners when the latter are putting down their chiefs' bets, often go up against it good and hard on account of their lack of foreknowledge of some of the plungers' finer tactics. The local young men who think they are very shrewd in following the commissioners and betting on the same horse as the plungers suffered a bad bump last week in a very natural sort of way.

Three of the most notable plungers at the meeting got together the other afternoon and figured it out that a horse that they knew would open in the betting as a third or fourth choice had the finest chance in the world to win the race. But they wanted a long price on this horse. So they sent their commissioners into the betting ring to put down large bets on the favorite horse

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Fourth, Cascarets are successful because they deserve it. If your druggist can't sell Cascarets, he's behind the age. In that case order direct from us by mail post free. Address STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, Chicago or New York.

This is the tablet, always stamped "CCC" When dealers try to substitute, they want to Don't take a substitute! Get what you ask for! make more money out of you. Don't let them!

FOR CONSTIPATION.

"I have gone 14 days at a time without movement of the bowels. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in the most deplorable condition. I did everything I heard of but nothing helped me. I began using Cascarets. I am now as healthy and strong as I was when I was a child. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now."

FOR BILIOUSNESS.

"I have used your valuable Cascarets for many years. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now."

FOR WORMS.

"A fine worm medicine. I have used it for many years. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now."

FOR DYSPEPSIA.

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now."

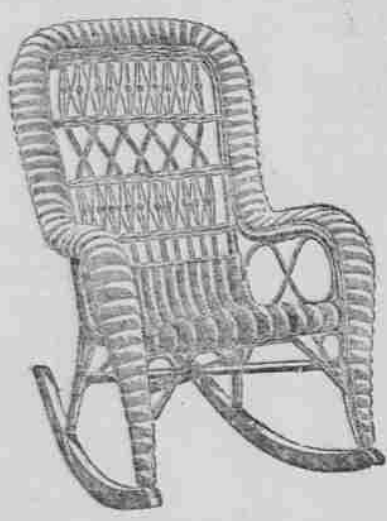
FOR LAZY LIVER.

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which prevents me from doing my work. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now."

FOR BAD BLOOD.

"Cascarets do all claimed for them and are a truly wonderful medicine. I have used them for many years. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now. I have never been so healthy and strong as I am now."

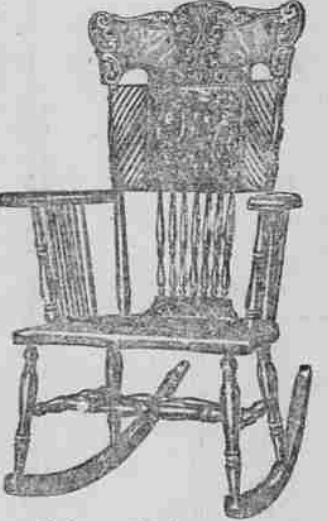
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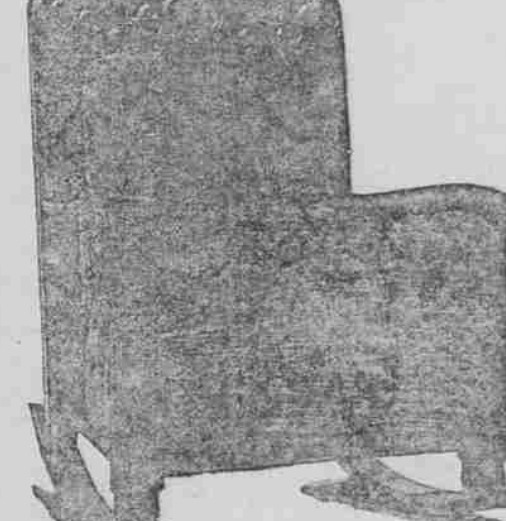
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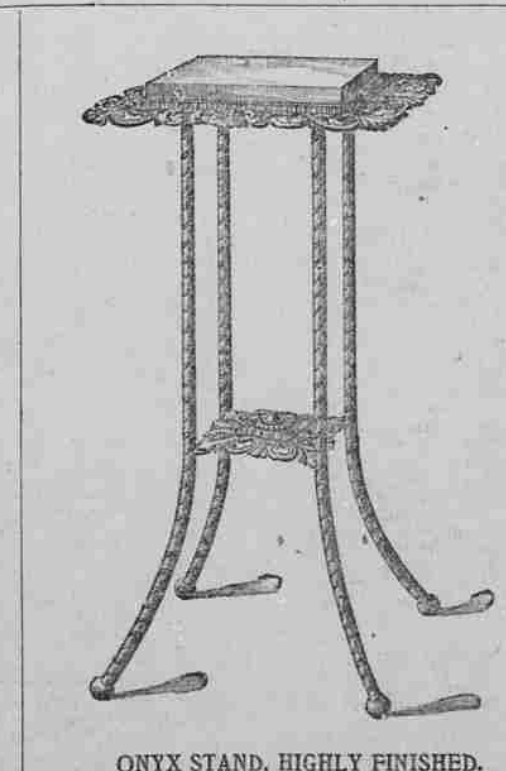
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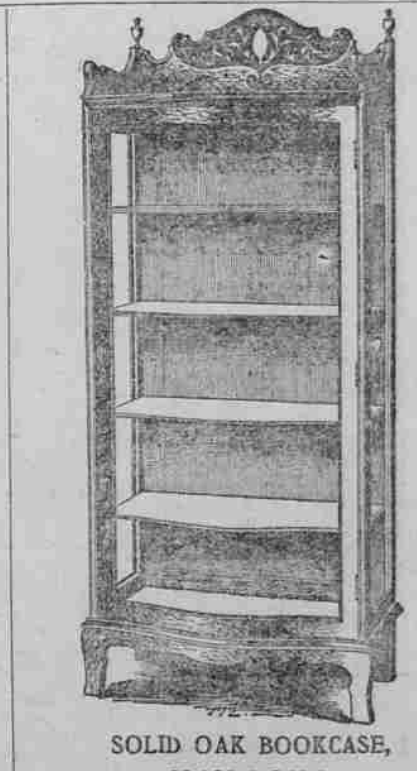
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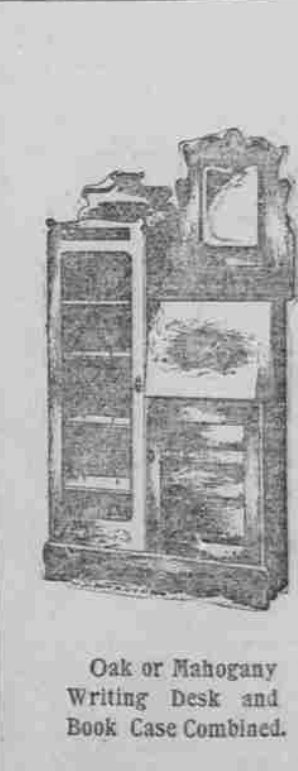
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